Misc. - C.

Missionary Heroism.

COMPILED

BY THE

Congregational Home Missionary Society,

Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

SUBJECT:

The Congregational Home Missionary Society.

TOPICS SUGGESTED FOR PROGRAMS.

1. The Country.
2. The City.
3. Foreign Missions at Home.
4. The Frontier.
5. The Ranch. The Mine. The Lumber Camp.
6. Missionary Heroism.
7. Historical Sketches.
8. Our Country. Its resources. Its problems. Its opportunities.
9. Woman's Work. The Union. What is it? Its object. Its aim. Its methods. Its success.
10. The Congregational Home Missionary Society. Its origin. Its field. Its aim. Its missionaries. Results.

Material will be furnished by the Society on application.

The following list of books published or obtained by the Sunday School and Publication Society furnish rich material for the study of Home Missions.

The Minute Man on the Frontier.
Service in the King's Guards.
Nakoma.
Faith on the Frontier.
Autobiography of Fanny.
Mary and I.
Reuben Taylor.
Asa Turner.
The Pioneer Preacher.
Our Life among the Iroquois.
Marcus Whitman.
The Mormon Delusion.
Two Volunteer Missionaries among the Dakotas.
A Hero in Homespun.
Reuben Gaylord.
Julien M. Sturtevant.
Truman M. Post.
Ten Years at Skokomish.
George H. Atkinson.
Oregon. By Barrows.
Cushing Eells.
Alaska.
Strange corners in our country. Loomis.

For intelligent study of our country every library should be supplied with Dr. Josiah Strong's books: Our Country. The New Era. The Twentieth Century City.

THE PIONEER.

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice, and came:
Brought all he loved across the sea,
To live and work for God and me:
Felled the ungracious oak;
With rugged toil
Dragged from the soil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty filled the haggard mountain side;
And, when his work was done, without memorial died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;
He lived, he died—I do not know his name.
No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his moldering bones;
Only a cheerful city stands,
Built by his hardened hands;
Only ten thousand homes,
Where every day
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monuments, and these alone,—
There is no form of bronze, and no memorial stone.

OUR DEBT TO PIONEERS.

The people of the East are continually called upon to help the West. It would not be strange if they asked themselves, sometimes, whether they receive anything in return. A friend in Weiser, Idaho, sent us the following account of one pioneer family (and there are hundreds of such) which shows that the account of the West is not wholly on the debtor side. The East owes a great deal to the heroic men and women who

subdue the wilderness and help to build up Christian communities in these untamed regions.

"Eleven years ago a family, consisting of father, mother and three children, started in a 'prairie schooner to drive from Texas to Idaho. The husband was not much over thirty-five and the wife a few years younger. Both of them were small in stature and by no means strong. The oldest child was not more than ten years old. What it meant of hardship and care for that mother to start on such a journey, with three children, in a rough wagon, over untraveled prairies, no one who has not tried it can understand. It meant not one weary day, nor one weary week, but four weary months. It meant not a welcome from friends at the journey's end, but a separation of hundreds and hundreds of miles. It meant not sure employment and high wages, but an empty purse and the hard struggles of a new country. But they had one supreme comfort—they were Christian people, and they believed in the care of their Heavenly Father. Friends counseled them to travel on Sunday, but they said, 'We have never worked on Sunday in Texas, and we will not begin it now. Occasionally Saturday night would find them where there was neither fuel nor water, and then they would have to keep on until they found these necessaries, but except in such emergency they halted every Lord's Day.

"When they reached Weiser, they had not a cent of money—indeed, it had disappeared some time before. But they rented a house, and the husband soon found work. After two years had passed, they took up one hundred and sixty acres of land, and built them a small house of two rooms. The land was wild government land. It had to be cleared of sage brush, fenced, broken up, and ditches had to be made. Children were born to them to the number of nine, two of

whom died. Yet the mother of this large family not only did all her housework, but attended to all the irrigation of the farm. The oldest child taught her first school at sixteen years of age, and has taught ever since with splendid success. She holds the highest teacher's certificate possible to be obtained in the State. With her wages she has paid the water rent and taxes of the farm.

"And now after eight or nine years of struggle the family has one hundred and sixty acres of good land, fenced, mostly cleared and prepared for irrigation. The farm yields nearly all their support, and they have never hired a half-day's labor. While they have been thus setting an example of industry and thrift, they have at the same time been consistent Christians, supporting the church and helping to maintain the Sunday-school. Now the value of such people, who have the courage and the energy to go into this Western country and subdue the land and help to build up Christian communities—the value of such people to our country is beyond compute. But it is manifest that they have not a dollar to spare for the education of their children, although those children are exceptionally bright, fine scholars, and the parents' ambition for them is very high. The most they can do is to give the eldest daughter her time and tell her to get an education if she can. That daughter comes to our Academy and is a scholar of whom any school in the land would be proud. She gives her heart to Christ and adds to her intellectual ability the graces of a Christian womanhood. But without a cent of money how can she remain in this Academy? She works for her board in term time, and earns what she can in vacation, but at the best she must have some help.

"Now it is for her, and others like her, that we ask Eastern people to help us to maintain this school. Is

it all a debt on the part of the West? Is it worth nothing to the East to have such people to develop these Western States? As a country, can we afford that the children of such parents shall not be educated? With only a little over thirty millions of taxable property in the State, it will be seen that the public school fund must be small. In the country a poorly housed and often poorly taught term of three months is all that can be had. The Christian Academy, maintained in part by the funds of consecrated Christians, is the only hope. Your true pioneer is a person who does not ask for pity. He does not complain. But if he does ask for any one thing in this world it is that his children may have a better chance for an education than he has had. Does he ask unreasonably? Shall he ask in vain?"

Christian Heroism.—During the last forty-four years of his life the venerable missionary, Rev. Cushing Eells did not receive any pecuniary aid from any missionary society. For church lots, church buildings, church bells, church furniture and books for church use in Oregon and Washington he has contributed over $10,000. To Pacific University and Whitman College he has contributed more than $10,000. That he might do this, this noble man has limited his cash expenses to fifty cents a week. He raised his horse, and has limited him to the same scant fare. That the animal has not been abused is evident from his twenty-three years of service, and from all accounts he may outlive his master! These two have held undisputed possession of many hundred encampments in the "Wild West." When, in 1874, Mr. Eells and his missionary horse accomplished a journey of one thousand miles; the horse was obliged to carry all the food and bedding

required for the journey. To compensate the animal for these extra burdens his tender-hearted master walked one-third of the distance. Verily, here is an instance where "Love does not measure its gifts, but rejoices to give all!"

JOSEPH WARD.

In 1869 a young Home Missionary and his bride alighted from the Sioux City stage in a little hamlet on the banks of the Missouri River. They had come from homes of culture in the far East, to the very verge and border of civilization, to Yankton, Dakota Territory, where, in the spring of 1868, a little Congregational church of eight members had been organized. With them they bore a commission from the American Home Missionary Society, to preach the Christian gospel, and forward Christian education in this great, new Northwest; but in their hearts they bore a higher commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It was this higher commission that led them to accept the other; and turning away from the thoughts of self-advancement and ease in the older and settled communities, they set their faces toward the regions where adventurers had gone, but where few were willing to go to establish schools and churches and Christian homes.

Theirs was a large field, for Dakota up to that time included Wyoming as well as North Dakota. It was a land practically unknown except to army officers and Indian traders. Men thought that these millions of acres were unfit for the homes of civilized Americans—an inhospitable, rainless desert. The capital city, Yankton, with its two streets, possessed a variable population not exceeding 500 people—government officers, Indian traders, a few who had pre-empted land, many

adventurers and some men who avoided all but the edge of civilization.

Joseph and Sarah Ward came to this place, not because they had heard of its attractiveness, as one might come to-day, but because they had devoted their lives to the service of Christ and their fellow-men, and they were willing to go anywhere where they could best fulfill that service. The Home Missionary Society wanted them here, and they came—came and made their home here, and looked back no more, nor longed for the Eastern home life, but under circumstances of trouble and difficulty and discouragement they stayed till Dr. Ward's work should be done.

The little church of which he was pastor met for worship at first in the old Capitol building, but in January, 1870, the new church was used for the first time. This church building was the result of Dr. and Mrs. Ward's patient efforts to raise the money among Eastern friends; not a little of their own went into it, and the church was dedicated and paid for in July, 1870. It was soon full, and later on two twings were added to accommodate the people. The membership was steadily increased by faithful, devoted work.

One month after Dr. Ward came the church began to give to missions, and held a monthly missionary meeting. A Woman's Missionary Society and a Children's Missionary Society were started in '71, so early was the church taught that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Through Dr. Ward's labors in these early days the churches at Bon Homme, at Green Island, Neb., and at Canton, were organized; and this work of helping other churches to get started was characteristic of Dr. Ward all his life. From the very first, the home missionary work of Dakota was in his heart, and much of it in his hands, and he never lost interest in it. I do

not think anything gave him more joy than to hear that a new church had begun in a destitute place, unless it was to learn that a new soul had been born into the Kingdom. And so he fulfilled the first part of his commission, preaching with fearlessness and with faith the gospel of Jesus Christ, until, in 1883, when he laid down the pastorate, there had been gathered into this fold 307 of God's children, 167 of them confessing Christ for the first time. In these years he was the President of the Dakota Home Missionary Society, and his counsel and recommendation were asked whenever any church in the Territory was to erect a house of worship.

Joseph Ward was a great teacher. The second part of his commission bore the direction to forward Christian education. He never forgot that commission. There were no schools of any importance held with any regularity in Yankton or Dakota when he came. He began a school at once. Without municipal or territorial aid at the first, he pushed the school work. Laws were made at his suggestion, and public sentiment, under his influence, at length enforced them, establishing and maintaining schools in Yankton and in the country. He was superintendent of this work for a time. We are proud of our schools to-day, in city, and county and State, and our school system has no superior; but to this brave, indomitable man and a few associates belongs the credit of making these schools possible.

Nor was this all. A Christian college was in Dr. Ward's heart. But there was no money for one. Whence were to come the buildings, the faculty, the students, the endowment, for such an enterprise? This was not the question with Dr. Ward. Somehow he never seemed to count difficulties as anything worth considering. The question with him was, "Is it needed? Does God wish it done?" When after earnest

prayer he became instructed that it was God's will, then he had faith to believe that the work would be done, and he set about it. This was a marked characteristic of Dr. Ward. He believed God. If he thought the Lord wanted any object accomplished, he was ready to go at it even if there was not a dollar at hand to pay the expenses or a man at hand to help.

But with all this faith he had practical common sense. He knew how to use means to secure ends. He did not sit down and fold his hands. He bestirred himself, and used every instrument at hand. When it was decided to have a college, and locate it at Yankton, it was at once started—started in the little lecture-room of the Congregational Church, with one teacher. He persuaded Yankton to give the land. He persuaded Eastern people to give money. He secured the best teachers to be found, and managed to inspire them with his own enthusiasm. He interested prominent men in the work. He got a building started. He went out into the new towns and got students to come here. He attended to every detail personally, and as the work grew the burden grew, and somehow the heaviest part of it fell upon his devoted shoulders.

It is no pastime to build a college, and especially to build without material. Yankton College was built by Dr. Ward, as though he himself quarried the stone, hewed it into shape, carried it to its place, mixed its mortar with his blood and sweat, fashioned its fair proportions, covered it with a roof, warmed it with his own zeal.

He seemed so brave, so patient; and we stood by, and saw him lifting this burden that might have weighted a Hercules, little thinking his life was fast giving out under the tremendous strain. But he never complained. Those who have heard him speak of the college at the Associations bear witness to the fact that

he never spoke of it without cheer and hope. He never murmured because those who ought to come to its rescue stood back. He never, even in the darkest days—and there have been dark days—yielded to fear or foreboding. He believed the college was of God—that its trials were for its good—that the victory of faith and hope would at length come. And so year by year the college grew fair and strong and useful while its President carried its heaviest burdens and fought desperately against the fatal disease that steadily sapped his strength and undermined his iron frame, though it could never overcome his masterful spirit.

The personal Christian life of this man manifested itself in many species of private help. How many might testify to his timely pecuniary help when they were hard pressed. How many poor found an unexpected bounty from his hand. How many were strengthened by his visitation. How many widows found a protector and counselor in him. Many a missionary was sheltered under his wide-reaching roof and was warmed by his generous hearth. Many a student, poor and penniless, found a place in his great love and grew into ways of self-help under his paternal care.

And all this, remember, was not because of natural amiability alone, not a generous nature alone, but because into his heart had come the sweet words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, yet did it unto me."

MISSIONARY MOTHERS.

A mother conserves all that there is in religion and the best of civilization. A man easily becomes a dreamer, or lapses into barbarism, but the mother at her best estate, as missionary mothers are, is absolutely true to the type. Fifty years may pass over her in exile—often meager and hard years of work and worry, but she is still the lady she was at first, the same devoted Christian—having absorbed nothing gross, having lost nothing fine. She has refused to dispense with the refinements and attractions of home, and has insisted that her children reach the level of opportunity that she and her brothers enjoyed. But let the reader fill out the paragraph. This page is needed wholly to name the mothers of the early home missionary work in Oregon.

Mrs. Myra Eells, the wife of Rev. Cushing Eells, and Mrs. Mary Walker, wife of Rev. Elkanah Walker, were the first women to come, as Congregationalists, across the Rocky Mountains into the valley of the Columbia with the purpose of establishing missionary homes. This was in 1836. Mrs. W. H. Gray, wife of the man who wrote the most valuable history of Oregon yet produced, herself assisting largely in its preparation, followed the next year. In 1839 came Mrs. J. S. Griffin, being with her husband an independent missionary of a Congregational Church in Connecticut. With her as an associate missionary was Mrs. Hoisington Munger, wife of the man who, under pressure of solitude and morbid impressions, lost his reason and took his own life. Mrs. A. T. Smith, with her husband, on an independent mission; and Mrs. Harvey Clark, wife of the man who first projected our Congregationalist College, which grew into Pacific University, reached Oregon soon after. Nor should be omit-

ted "Mother Brown," who, upon the historic site of Forest Grove, among the monumental oak trees of that beautiful upland, made of her home a school for orphans.

These, it must be noted, were not connected with the American Home Missionary Society. They were Congregationalists, coming with a view to carry the Gospel to the Indians, or else for the purpose of winning Oregon to Protestantism. This was in the days before Oregon was under the Stars and Stripes. It was not, therefore, open to the efforts of the A. H. M. S., but to the A. B. C. F. M., or to independent workers.

Before a territorial government had been established here, the American Home Missionary Society prepared to send families. Mrs. G. H. Atkinson, wife of the first Home Missionary west of the Rocky Mountains, was the head of the company. This was in 1848, and the field occupied was at Oregon City, then metropolis and capital, a lonely trading and milling point at the falls of the Willamette. By special request, Mrs. Atkinson has made some notes of her missionary experiences. I will not, therefore, speak for her.

In 1849 Mrs. Mary D. Lyman, wife of Rev. Horace Lyman, arrived at Portland, to make the missionary home in the shade of the giant forest growth of the site of that then primitive village. The way hither was around Cape Horn in a merchant bark to San Francisco, and by bark again to the Columbia. Just a year, including a long delay in California, was spent in reaching their field. At Portland, and at other places in Oregon, homes, churches and schools sprang from the labors of these two, their later work being given mainly to Pacific University.

Mrs. Cornelia Holt Condon, wife of Professor Thomas Condon, whose discoveries in paleontology in the deep valleys of Oregon are known all over the

United States, and even in Europe, reached the Columbia the next year by way of Cape Horn.

Mrs. Obed Dickinson, with her husband, occupied the field at Salem, living there many most devoted years. As early as 1856 Mrs. Alfred Tenney with her husband began a home, together with a church, at Eugene, continuing such labor at Astoria and at The Dalles. Somewhat later came Mrs. S. H. Marsh, spending her time and talents both in making a beautiful home and in giving instruction at Pacific University, of which her husband was president. Mrs. Edward A. Tanner, wife of the present president of Illinois College, at Jacksonville, here also exerted her remarkable personal influence in the home, the institution, and in society. Mrs. Elisha Tanner, Mrs. A. S. Hatch, Miss M. A. Hogdon, and Mrs. Humphrey, though not in name missionaries, were such in fact.

It is half a sin to give here only the names of these refined, intelligent and beautiful women. But, as is the case with the most of the good and just, God reserves for them only a divine biographer—the Recording Angel somewhere mentioned. The houses which roofed them during the first months, or perhaps years, were buildings such as were intended for sheds or stables. On missionary salaries, and their husbands being bound to accept no other remuneration, they had little means to pay for household help in a land where the cost of such help was exorbitant—a cook or kitchen girl often getting more wages than the missionary. Nevertheless, the homes flourished and were such places of beauty and refinement as to attract the governors, the judges, the military and scientific men who, even in those remote times, stopped in Oregon or passed to and fro through the country. Their influence in stimulating, broadening and encouraging the scattered population of the territory, or young State,

cannot be estimated. Mary and Martha, and Joanna—one might think they had been in Oregon should one mark the footsteps of these who have been named; careful and troubled, perhaps, at times, but also sitting at the feet of Jesus, and once more making an abiding place for the Babe and the King.

Particulars of these and many others who came later might be given—of those who were and are no less worthy, and whose work sums up the same; but that would take us far beyond the scope of this article.

A ROMANCE OF HOME MISSIONS.

Self-sacrifice and heroic endurance are manifested in Home Missions as truly as in Foreign. This fact is well illustrated in the founding of the First Congregational Church in Greenville, Ill. This church was organized by a committee appointed for that purpose; but the only member present was Rev. Thomas Lippincott, the man who officiated at the funeral of Freedom's protomartyr, Elijah P. Lovejoy.

The church at once began the erection of a house of worship, there being no church edifice in the region, though the town was the county seat of Bond County. Subscriptions were secured from those who had simply a business interest in the general improvement of the place, as well as by those who longed to see a house of God erected. But financial affairs were not as prosperous as was anticipated. The subscriptions were not paid. They had gone on but a little way when it was found that not enough money could be realized to pay even the board of the workmen. All progress ceased. Finally the building was sold by the sheriff to satisfy a lien. The little church of pioneers could not

redeem it. Heroic effort must be put forth, and help must be secured from abroad.

The church appointed Captain Asa L. Saunders as financial agent. He was a man who could say from his heart, "I love thy church, O God."

After exhausting the financial possibilities of the new and poor settlements in the county, he started East. In order that he might not be compelled to use any of the donations received for the church for his personal expenses, and that he might not be "a common beggar on the road," in case of sickness or other emergency, he took his most valuable horse to St. Louis and sold it for forty dollars. With the proceeds of this sale as a fund to be used in case of accident, he started on his long journey afoot. He walked first to Cincinnati, O., where, through the influence of Dr. Lyman Beecher, he received some assistance. He continued his wearisome journey to New York city, where he received further aid, but not enough to allow him to return and serve the church. So he continued his march to Boston. On his way he was sometimes so exhausted that he could scarcely reach a place of shelter. Once he came near perishing on the road. He was in such a condition of exhaustion that he had entirely lost the power of speech when he finally reached the house of that earnest and benevolent Christian worker, Deacon Daniel Safford. Restoratives were applied, and after a time he was able to make known the sacred errand that had brought him there. His faith and heroic sacrifice were rewarded with success in obtaining the means necessary to redeem the house of the Lord.

But he never recovered from the exhaustion of the journey and never again had the free use of his voice. Friends in the Mount Vernon Church, Boston, furnished the means for him to return home by public conveyance as far as such conveyance existed. He was

permitted to reach his home, to see the house of God completed, and in a short time was taken to the "house not made with hands."

This is but one of many incidents which show the heroism and self-sacrifice of those who are struggling to establish the Kingdom of Christ in the pioneer regions of our land.

EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY WIFE.

My home has been in a frontier State for eighteen years. And it scarcely need be said that in that length of time one must have passed through many and varied experiences. When asked for a personal experience I began hunting around for one which seemed especially startling or exciting. But as I now look back over the years, none of the experiences seem very novel or thrilling.

So, in place of some exciting experience, I thought I might tell you something about the work of a Home Missionary's wife, going with the missionary to help in the organization of the churches, teaching in the Sunday-schools, starting the Missionary Society, helping and encouraging the Aid Societies.

Sometimes when the missionary is worn out and has a long ride of forty or fifty miles before him, the wife goes along to drive, and take the care of providing for the trip, so that the missionary may rest.

When my husband began his work as General Missionary in Northwest Nebraska, he had his headquarters at Norfolk, the railroad then running only as far as Valentine. As the road pushed on west he followed closely so as to occupy fields as soon as open. When the road reached Chadron he immediately began work, holding his first service in the open air; soon the gos-

pel tabernacle was raised, and it was decided to organize a church there and at two other points, Hay Springs and Rushville. As there was but one church nearer than Norfolk and Neligh, three hundred miles away, these churches were invited to the council, and I was elected delegate from Norfolk. An all-night ride brought us to Chadron in the early morning. A Western town a few days old is a curious sight. Here were a thousand people living in tents, and all the varieties of trade represented: groceries, hardware, furniture stores, dry goods, hotels, boarding houses—in tents. All professions and trades, lawyers, doctors, barbers, butchers, bakers—in tents; saloons and gambling dens sheltered in the same way.

No place for us but the gospel tent, so we go there for rest. We must spend the night in this tabernacle. So my husband procures the wire springs of a bed from the furniture tent, on which we plan to put the blankets we have brought with us, but toward night a heavy rain comes on and soon the ground is too wet and cold for a bed. What is to be done? Fortunately we have brought provisions with us; we scoop out a hole in the ground, and build a chip fire, Indian fashion, having to open the tent door, of course, to let the smoke out—boil some water in an empty fruit can, make a little tea, and eat our supper from off a chair. Then we put the wire springs up on four chairs, climb on, and sleep as well as the cold and wet and a croupy little boy will allow.

The next morning is bright and beautiful, so the discomfort of the night is forgotton. We take an early freight train Saturday morning for Rushville, where our first service is to be held.

The Sabbath is a full day and one long to be remembered. A small company gathered in the gospel tabernacle, with its white canvas walls, and the green grass

for a carpet, far away from the old homes and the old associations. We are strangers to each other, but brothers and sisters in the dear Redeemer. The usual services are held and the right hand of fellowship is given to the church farther west than any in all Nebraska.

A hasty lunch and we drive to Hay Springs, twelve miles, where a similar service is held with similar surroundings, and we have a second church still farther west.

Then a twenty-mile drive to Chadron, which we hope to reach in time for supper before service. But, alas for our expectations! The way is long and the team slow. It is nearly nine o'clock when the white tents appear in sight. "To the tabernacle at once," says the missionary, and we all obey. We find the tent crowded full, and all the space in front for fifteen or twenty feet packed with men waiting for the service to begin. A few singers had gathered about a borrowed organ, and the sweet melody of the gospel hymns rings out on the evening air, bringing back to these men tender memories of the old homes and the old church far away. They listen eagerly.

We push our way through the crowd, and the services begin. Soon the little boy is asleep on my lap, forgetting his supperless condition until breakfast-time next morning, when he says, "Why, mamma, I didn't have any supper last night, did I?" The third church is duly organized with much enthusiasm.

Three churches in one day! Probably some of you have heard of the good accomplished in all that region by those churches. You may have heard how the Hay Springs Church helped supply the needs and took care of the refugees during the dreadful Indian trouble, the parsonage sheltering twenty or more besides its usual occupants.

We soon moved our headquarters to Chadron, where, in place of the tent, you may now see the neat church which has already been enlarged, and its pleasant parsonage. It is a self-supporting church of seventy-eight resident members, a strong and active Christian Endeavor Society, a vigorous Sunday-school of more than two hundred members. Many of the pupils have already been brought into the Christian life. You will also see a Congregational Academy—this would not have been possible except for the church—which is doing good work for the young people of the town and surrounding country. These are some of the results of our work that fair September day.

Home Missionary money sent to the front is not money thrown away, and work done there is not labor lost. He that says, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters," will surely give the harvest.

My husband had also the care of the churches in the Black Hills and Northern Wyoming. The towns in the Hills are widely separated, so the trips were long and tedious.

One Summer we planned to visit all the churches on one trip. Taking a strong team of horses, venerable and steady, a covered wagon, somewhat like an emigrant wagon, we left home for a four weeks' trip. It was a great exercise of ingenuity to pack that wagon every morning. In the back part the canvas tent and the blankets were piled to the top and fastened in place; then a box of clothing; then came the second seat underneath which were stored the coffeepot, tin pans, cooking utensils, etc. Under the front seat a box of provisions, the tin plates and cups; while the lariat ropes made a footstool for those who occupied the front seat, and a bag of tent pins performed the same office for me. A shotgun ornamented one side of the wagon, and the tent poles were lashed to the other; the camp

stove was tied on behind, while underneath swung the lantern, oil can and water pail. Up and down the mountains, through deep cañons, fording the streams, we went, pitching our tent every night in some delightful spot, and after cooking and eating our supper we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down on the ground to sleep.

Buffalo Gap, where we spent our first Sabbath out, is situated just at the edge of the foothills of that wonderful and interesting country, the Black Hills. The condition of things in the Hills is very similar to that described in Hosea, where the prophet says God has given the nation an abundance of rich things, but the more he has given, the farther they have departed from him. It is a land rich in gold and silver, and beauty, but where Sabbath-breaking and all forms of wickedness abound. The mills and mines never shut down from one year's end to the other. The work at Buffalo Gap was begun as in the other towns mentioned, and has been successful.

Part of the following week we spent at Hot Springs, looking over the ground with reference to future work; then on to Custer, the way taking us through delightful mountain scenery. Custer is the gem of the mountains, beautiful for situation, near the tin mines. A little church is already at work, but they have no pastor. Two services and the Sunday-school are held.

We leave early in the week, taking the mountain road for Deadwood, stopping at Harney Peak, the highest of the Black Hills range, 8,000 feet above the sea, at Spread Eagle Mine, on Lookout Mountain, where we go into the mill and down into the mine. At Lead City the location of the "Home Stake" mines, the largest in the Hills, we spend the Sabbath, having an evening service and Sunday-school, as it is impossible to gather a congregation for morning service.

At Deadwood, our next point, you may hear Deacon Cushman tell how the work was started there. The first service was held in a carpenter shop, the shavings having been swept aside to make room for the people. The work was carried on by Superintendent Pickett, who used to travel on foot, on horseback, and by stage-coach back and forth over these hills. Now you find here a substantial church building, a neat parsonage, and a church which has the honor of being the first of any denomination to come to self-support in all that region. This testifies to the hard work done in that town so far away, and of which so much was said in newspapers and magazines not many years ago.

We go over the old stage-coach road to Sturgis, Fort Mead, Rapid City, Smithwick—all points of interest, and reach home after a four weeks' absence, during which we have been sleeping on the ground, traveling over the mountains, planning for the churches, trying to tell the love of Christ, learning something of the needs of the different fields, and how best to help them.

We are glad to be at home again and sleep in a bed, without being obliged to run the hand under and pick out the stones, or somewhat nervous lest a rattlesnake may be lurking under the cover.

I might tell you of trips into Wyoming when everything was new. No depots, and from the train where stations were to be, one landed right into the sand and cactus; of nights passed in tents where the music from the dance house of Long Jim, or another of his kind, rang in your ears through all the night hours; or, of nights in a rough frame building dignified by the name of "hotel," with fifty beds or more in one room, and the one we occupied separated from the others only by a calico curtain; where one could hear the gamblers stumbling up the rickety stairs at all hours of the night,

and the pistol shots in the street below. These things, you readily perceive, helped to keep one in a peaceful frame of mind, conducive to sleep.

But let me add this testimony: The pleasant and happy experiences have far overbalanced the trying and disagreeable ones; we have never had one regret that our work for the Master was at the front.

A UNIQUE MISSIONARY MEETING.

Unique, because the audience consisted largely of Nebraska Home Missionaries who were attending the State Association. I wish I could reproduce for you the prayers, the testimonies, and, above all, the wonderful Presence who illumined that meeting. A dozen "testimonies" may give a taste of the feast:

No. 1. "My Presence shall go with thee." This means, "My *Face* shall go with thee." What a comfort to the little child when the mother's face is near. No. 2. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." This is my assurance that he will help me to the end. No. 3. Our brother who has passed on, lived a life of great trial and great triumph. When he died he said: "The best of all is Immanuel—God with us." No. 4. "I will guide thee with mine eye." The Christian is led by God in one of three ways: by his eye; by "the bit and bridle;" by the divine hand. No. 5. The word *Missionary* expresses the very pith and heart of the Gospel. No. 6. When a boy in a home missionary family, I lived in a dug-out. We were very poor. One day all my mother had to set before us was summer squash. The noon mail brought a check for fifty dollars from the Home Missionary Society. Father said: "My boy, get the horse and go to the treasurer and hand twenty-

five dollars of this to him for the new church." I thought a good deal about this during that horseback ride: it didn't seem right, but I had to obey. No. 7. A man found a vein of richest silver which, through lack of observation, hundreds of people had passed over: so multitudes lose the rich things God has for us because we are not in sensitive communion with him. No. 8. God's design in suffering is to give us strength of character. No. 9. To me it is nothing that I have had to live on corn bread and potatoes and corn coffee; that I have been many times thrown into the water in crossing the streams; that I have been lost on the prairie and frozen to my saddle; but it is *much* to me that I may give the Gospel to thousands who need it. I have had many ambitions and many hopes. My one ambition now is that I may die a faithful soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, and my hope now is that I may see him face to face. No. 10. Abram went out, not knowing whither he went. That was my experience when I came to the frontier. At home they said, "What will you do when you get where there is no church?" I said, "I will trust God and try to make one." Now when I look at six churches, in spite of drought, the devastating prairie fires, and the hard times, I would not change my present estate for all this world can give! "What hath God wrought!" No. 11. I wanted to be a minister, but had no money. My father was poor and couldn't help me. He advised me not to take seven years out of my manhood to study for the ministry, but I was impressed to do it. I had earned $125, and resolved to go to school as long as that would last. When that gave out, I would work my way; but, like the cruse of oil, it held out. The Lord has led me by the way. This is my comfort and support. No. 12. If the Bible were utterly destroyed, I should have that in my ex-

perience which would lead me on to declare the truth as it is in Jesus.

While listening to these testimonies, and looking at the careworn but happy faces of these missionaries, who without complaint were enduring hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, I was reminded of the story of

THE OLD WHITE HORSE,

as told me by a Nebraska woman. When asked to say an encouraging word to these workers, I could think of nothing more fitting than this story:

A lady was obliged one day to wait over several hours at a small railway station where she had occasion to change trains. There was nothing inviting in the outdoor prospect, and nothing interesting in the waiting-room to occupy the time. As she sat looking from the station window, she saw a white horse at work in a tread-mill. The horse was poor and old and with difficulty moved up the incline. A boy stood near prodding the weary beast with a sharp stick. The lady spoke kindly to the horse. He took no notice. She tried to comfort him with a few bunches of grass and clover, but without avail. He appeared utterly discouraged. He had no spirit, no hope. He said to her as plainly as actions could speak, "My life is spent in this weary routine of work, and *all to no purpose.*" The lady returned to the waiting-room.

After a while the station agent came in, and, making a few remarks upon the tediousness of waiting, asked the lady if she would like to go out and see their wheat elevator. She gladly consented, and, climbing to the upper story, stood watching the elevator cups as they came up, one after the other, full of wheat, and were emptied into the bins. "But where is the *power* that does all the work?" she asked. "Come

to the window, and I will show you," said he. As she looked out he pointed to the poor old discouraged white horse treading his weary way. "There," said he, "is the power that brings all this wheat up here."

Some time God will take us upstairs and show us the fruits of the tried laborers in his vineyard here.

A SIGNIFICANT QUESTION ANSWERED.

The Colorado Superintendent of Home Missions being providentially present, was invited to speak the closing words. Noting the interest with which some visitors from the East had listened to the experiences of these missionaries, he said: "You people of New England, sometimes besieged, question, 'Why should the East be continually asked to aid the West?' Let me tell you why: 1. Because the East has large investments in the West. 2. Because the children of the East are largely the builders of the West. Everything is to be done when you reach the frontier. The town is to be built. Suppose *your* town were new, with no homes, no gas, no schoolhouse, no roads, no sewer, etc. It is the *few* in the new town who interest themselves in Christian work.

"A young man comes from the East. He comes from a Christian home. He is a graduate of Amherst College. He locates at Cheyenne, Wyoming. He is influenced by the home missionary pastor to come into the church. The young man's mother writes a grateful letter to the pastor. But Massachusetts boys are not all of this sort.

"Pap Wyman—the assumed name of a Massachusetts boy—is dead now. He was a 'character.' He opened one of the first saloons and variety theatres in Leadville—a 'three-decker.' In front was the brilliant

saloon. Over the bar was a large, old-fashioned clock. On its face were the words, 'Please don't swear!' Next came the 'gold room' or gambling den. In the archway between these two rooms was a light stand. Upon this stand lay a *well-worn family Bible!* The third room was the theatre, with all its terrible foulness. When the first missionary entered Leadville, 'Pap Wyman' took a fancy to him, called a public meeting at his saloon, and during the meeting made a speech: 'Boys, we must have a church here. You must chip in and raise the money.' He collected $700. If Massachusetts sends such a boy to the West, should she not aid the home missionary pastor in counteracting his influence for evil, and converting him to Christ?

"In the early days, Mr. T., now the richest man in Colorado, was a poor, struggling miner. Mrs. T. cooked for the miners. Had the Congregational Home Missionary Society been able to locate there an especially choice Home Missionary, one who knew how to reach men, even at a cost of $2,000 for the first year, possibly he might have reached that family, saved much scandal, and turned Mr. T.'s millions into Christian channels. What an investment that! There are young T.'s in the mines to-day. Why not reach them? Oh, you privileged people of the East, lend us a helping hand a few years longer, and your investments shall yield 'an hundredfold in this present time, and in the world to come eternal life' to thousands of souls."

The last word was not from the Colorado superintendent after all, but from the Eastern visitor, who said: "God helping us, we will stand by you; for what obligation rests upon you messengers of God to give your lives to this work that does not rest upon us to sustain you in it?"

SHE WOULD NOT BE DISBANDED.

The heroine of this story is still living. She was a charter member of a church in Iowa formed in 1871, and was one of its most devoted and earnest supporters. It flourished well for a time, until in the settlement reverses came. Its members were scattered and church services were suspended. The remnant, left in discouragement, thought they might as well disband, and seriously thought of doing so. At a meeting called to consider the question they seemed unanimous in this, save this woman, who could not for a moment entertain the idea. Though in a minority of one, "Widow Slack" declared her determination never to consent to the step proposed, saying that, if left alone, she would stand by the church, and believed it would yet live. She "would not be disbanded."

It was in an agricultural community, that soon was fast filling up with thrifty farmers. The prospects became promising. Very soon a lot was secured, and a house of worship built. For a while all things flourished, till the grasshopper year came on, and then came again the reverses. Crops failed year by year, the people became discouraged. They scattered, abandoning claims or selling homes for a small pittance, in some cases exchanging these for a team and wagon to get out of the country in which they had lost all faith. A few, however, remained, some because they could not get away, others because they had faith that better times would come.

Of these latter was Widow Slack. Church services, of course, were suspended, for the members were almost entirely gone, but she remained, adjusting herself to the situation. For a house she had the roof on, but small, resting upon the ground. In the cellar were the living apartments, entered by a front bulk-

head opening to the kitchen, sitting room and parlor all in one. In one corner was a prophet's chamber, just large enough for a bed, a stand and lamp. To that the Home Missionary Superintendent was always welcome, and to share the hospitalities of a Christian home. Sheltered by windbrakes set around it, as the sun shone the inclosure was a quiet retreat from the bleak November winds that swept the prairie. But when the drenching rains poured they somehow found their way through the roof and down the sides of the mud cellar walls, till streams would cross the bottom floor, and all things would be moist and damp. Then the first fair day would be a hanging out and drying. And thus the widow here lived in faith that the time would come when corn would grow and the people return.

So it proved. In a few years the grasshoppers came no more. Fruitful seasons returned, and the people began to come. A few of the former settlers came back, but generally they were newcomers, among whom some were Christians. It was not long before meetings were held, and a church was planned for—a Congregational church. To organize a church a council was called. It met in the house of worship already built. The idea was to organize a new church, but, as a matter of course, to enter in and take possession of the house already built. Just as the step was about to be taken, there was presented by the superintendent a question of law. It was this: If you organize a new church, by what right do you take possession of this property? It is not yours, surely. There is a church already organized and legally incorporated to which this building and other things belong. Why not join this church, and enter in, and thus avoid all complications that may arise?

The suggestion met with approval at once. In

looking around for the old members, but one was found. That one was the Widow Slack. There were twelve to join. They in due form made their application to join. She received them, and they consented together to walk in the ways of the Lord. Then she who "would not be disbanded" was girt about by a living church. This church stands in the list of our churches as Grant, organized in 1880. The real date of its organization, as it is found in the minutes of years ago, is October 9, 1871.

A SON OF BELIAL.

My first work was emphatically missionary work. The field was one in which other ministers had seen nothing encouraging, and so had "passed by on the other side." The "call" which invited me to this field pledged the churches for the sum of $400 for nine months. Two churches and four out-stations were associated in the call and the pledge.

The pastor was younger than now by twenty-five years, and, undaunted by the miles that numbered a score or more between preaching places, entered with enthusiasm upon his herculean task.

There were prairies that seemed boundless; streams harmless at low tide, but full of terrors when, like the Jordan, they overflowed their banks. There were days when the sun seemed a veritable ball of fire, blistering the aching head of the unprotected pilgrim; other days when the floodgates of heaven seemed to have been thrown open, and the drenching rain came rushing and roaring upon the pastor's "store clothes" and ran in torrents down his back. Still other days there were when the death-dealing blizzard peremptorily halted the dominie and caused him to right

about face! and seek safety in some hospitable shanty till the violence of the storm abated. I will not attempt to give pen portraits of notable men and women who inhabited the 1,200 miles of country embraced in my field. I may, however, give a sample or two, that the reader may understand the situation more fully. I was preaching, one Saturday evening, to a fair house, and everybody seemed attentive and interested. I incidentally spoke of the Pope—not as one who had usurped authority, or who was not worthy of reverence, but simply mentioned his name—when one of my hearers sprang to her feet and, with an oath on her lips, while she devoutly crossed herself, flounced out of the house, to be followed by three-fifths of the congregation. Outside an indignation meeting was held, and only the coolness and courage of one of the pastor's friends (a Catholic) saved us from violence at the hands of the excited mob.

At one of my appointments it was decided to have a "grove meeting," beginning on Saturday and continuing over the Sabbath, on which day three services were to be held. As this was to be an extraordinary meeting, it was thought best to have an extraordinary preacher to attend and conduct it. The services of the superintendent were secured, and the meeting began. Saturday's services were spiritual and uplifting. Only those attended who came in a worshipful spirit. The Sabbath dawned beautifully bright and pleasant. It was to be "a high day" to the people of two or three counties, and every one was anxious not to lose a moment of the day.

The morning service would have been more helpful to this congregation but for the boisterous talking of a young gentleman (?) who persisted in standing on a stump just at the outer edge of the crowd, or walking back and forth on a log which lay some distance from

the ground, one end resting on the stump from which it had been cut and the other between two trees that stood so near together as to prevent its reaching the ground. This "log walk" was just a short distance to the right of the pulpit from which the superintendent was trying to pour a stream of eloquence that should interest and attract the congregation, or at least should divide the honors with "the man up the tree." It is greatly to be feared that neither of the contestants felt overpoweringly spiritual during the morning service!

At three P. M. the congregation reassembled, and the poor pastor was to be pitted against the Son of Belial who had so hurt the morning services. The foe was on hand, and, after a few preliminary jokes, mingled with oaths, which everybody could hear, he came marching through the center aisle, turned to the left of the pulpit and walked out on a tree that had been partially uprooted by the waters of the creek. It lay almost horizontally for ten or fifteen feet from the bank, and then rose to a nearly perpendicular position, having been divided into forks by some freak of nature. Between the two limbs there was room for a good-sized person to sit and lean back against another small limb, which had possibly started in the race for tree-hood with the others, but, getting discouraged, had quit growing, and so had died. (Aren't there other things than trees that must grow or die?)

Up to this inviting seat proudly marched our rival. He turned pompously, sat down, and threw himself back against the dead branch. There was an ominous crack, a sudden plunge backward, and my opponent was placed *hors du combat.* He was baptized, if complete immersion constitutes baptism. He waded down the stream till the sheltering bank hid him from our sight before he left the water. But he did not trouble that congregation further. Everybody laughed, and

the pastor acknowledged the feeling of a little "Adamic" satisfaction over the discomfiture of his adversary.

Once, after having preached three times on the Sabbath, and traveled twenty-five miles between services, we found it necessary to reach our home, twenty-eight miles distant, after the evening service. There had been heavy rains, and small streams were rivers; but as we had never yet met death by drowning, and the case being somewhat desperate, we started. The first eighteen miles we had moonlight, and only one stream to cross, besides a further blessing in the shape of a plain road. Here ended the moonlight, the road, and the pleasure of the ride. The pony team, however, needed neither road nor moonlight, as they had traveled across the country often. The next eight miles were gone over safely, and we were now approaching a small, heavily-wooded stream, within two miles of home. The ford across the creek was shallow, but wide, and the road wound its way through the timber, which, in daylight, seemed bent on crushing passing vehicles between its towering walls. There was a feeling of dampness in the air, and a sound as of rushing waters distinctly audible, and—it was so dark!

We were too near to our home, and too far from any other human habitation, to entertain a motion to postpone the crossing till daylight should make the crossing less dangerous. The wise little ponies felt their way cautiously, bracing themselves against the current, which struck them almost squarely in front as the road turned up stream to secure an easy ascent from its bed. Soon we were afloat, horses, buggy and driver. Trusting in God and the team we reached the bank safely, and in a few minutes the crowing of the lords of the barnyard at home announced the approaching day, and the speedy end of our journey.

NEW ENGLAND TACT.

The California ranch from which I now write, lying at the foot of Mount Diablo, is a fruit ranch of 160 acres. Would that you could see these 700 apricot trees, 150 Bartlett pear trees, 150 French prunes, whole groves of the fig, almond, English walnut, etc. Mount Diablo towers above us 3,000 feet. The ranch house has eight rooms. The Massachusetts man who made this home was one of the California "Forty-niners." After six years of ranch life he was joined by his wife, who came from Massachusetts via Cape Horn. This was a voyage of several months. She found her husband in a ranch house of two rooms, one above the other. She arrived on a Friday night, and with New England thrift went to work at once to make things more comfortable. This good woman was somewhat startled on Saturday by being told that she might expect a houseful of company for the Sabbath. It seems that this holy day was really a holiday to the ranchmen in all that region, who were in the habit of gathering at some house and holding high festival. The Christian influences of New England were apparently forgotten, and so this woman found herself in a godless community, and, with a pain at her heart which she could not express, discovered that her own husband had yielded to the influences of the community and become thoroughly heathenized. No word of this change, however, had ever come to her in his correspondence with home friends.

When this New England woman left home, her brother, a Boston minister, put a volume of sermons in her hand, saying: "Now, sister, there is no need of living like a heathen even if you do live in a heathen country."

When this bewildered woman of Puritan antecedents

learned that she was to prepare a feast for these men on the Sabbath day she maintained a wise silence, to the great surprise of her husband, who had an uncomfortable conviction that there would be a scene. When the company arrived on Sunday morning, she received them graciously, and carried out her husband's wishes to the letter. At the close of the dinner she invited them all to come again next Sunday; not to a dinner, she explained, but to a meeting! She told them she intended to have a meeting at that ranch every Sunday, at which time she would read a sermon from the book given her by her Boston brother.

It is needless to say that the Sabbath visiting at that ranch was entirely broken up; and a few who were reminded by this brave woman of the Christian home at the East, were touched in their hearts, and came regularly to hear the sermon. After a while a church was organized in that room. That church has now a good building of its own, and a good company of active members. So much for the tactful influence of one heroic Christian woman, again proving that "one with God is a majority."

WHAT A HOME MISSIONARY'S BOY DID.

Times were hard at the parsonage. We were paying ten per cent. interest on borrowed money, and it looked as though the investment made for our old age with that money was going to prove a total failure. But we had not bought without much forethought, and if it was to be a loss we did not feel to blame ourselves. We had done the very best we could. Our time to be prospered financially was not yet here—for some wise

purpose of his own our Father was leading us, and *not* as we planned.

Should we rebel, or cheerfully submit? My boy, just then thirteen, said: "I am going to work, mother. The trustees say I can try being sexton this summer, anyway—they think I can do it if I won't have any other boys round. That will be seventy-five cents a week. They paid the man they had $1.25 in summer and $1.50 in winter, but I'm glad to have a chance to try at this. Perhaps I can manage the furnace in winter, too—then they'll give me a dollar." He did manage the furnace, and seventeen lamps, and many bitter mornings in two winters since (for he is still the sexton) mother would say, "Four o'clock, my son," and she never had to speak twice. He would light his lantern, slip into his clothes quickly—for there was no warm corner by a base burner in the missionary's home—and go to his cold, lonely work. You may be certain that during that first winter the mother could never take a nap after the little fellow left the house. But he has been quite proud when the trustees have said, "We never had a better sexton." The year passed away and the church paid him $44.

But to go back to the summer's work. He had the church work, but what next? The old adage proved true in his case, "Where there's a will there's a way." He never missed a job; when other boys were idle and could find no work, he was busy. He picked 100 quarts of fruit for a neighbor; bought and sold eleven dozen chickens in vacation, clearing five dollars on them. There was quite a loss in handling, some died and some got away, and so during the winter he concluded to dress them and increase his profits; but it was hard, dirty work to spend every Friday evening and part of Saturday dressing—with mother to put on the finishing touches—those that the younger brother had taken

orders for. Besides, the ladies were hard to suit; everybody wanted big ones, and they wouldn't all grow big; most wanted pullets, and the farmers said roosters were more plenty; some wouldn't have black chickens, and others didn't like white; so that about Christmas the brothers (for the eight-year-old had helped here) concluded they would graduate forever from the chicken business. They had dressed six dozen, their profits being $8.50.

But to return to the summer. When there was no other work to be had, a neighbor's woodpile was always ready at a dollar a cord for sawing and splitting. By the first of the next June, his fourteenth birthday, he had received $13.75 from his woodpiles; but it is only fair to say that he then and there closed out in the bucksaw business, firmly deciding that he would not make his living by sawing wood.

There were many irons in the fire that summer and winter. A good man in the country, a mile and a half out, wanted a boy to plow and do chores; and he got the place, but had to come home every evening; and we knew he would come, though it was often nine o'clock. A lad would ride up on a pony to see the home ones and get the sore feet doctored, then we would all walk with him to the edge of the village, and be very lonely after the good-nights were said and he vanished in the darkness. Four dollars came in that way, and ten dollars in various other small jobs during the year, such as cleaning yards, doing errands, a little help in the hay field, extra janitor work, etc.

Besides the woodpile, chicken and church in cold weather, our postmaster thought it would be nice to have somebody else to milk the cows, so he came home delighted with a new job, two cows to milk and care for, *new work;* and soon the village doctor thought likewise and handed his cow over, and part of the time

all of his stock, numbering seven head—horses, cows and calves. During December, January and February he worked with these, receiving twenty dollars. In the heaviest storm of the winter, his uncle—a lawyer full of business—was attending court near by, and spent the Sabbath with us. That morning the thermometer stood twenty-five degrees below zero. It was a Sabbath of hard work—deep snow and ice everywhere. The church was hard to warm; stock needed extra care to be at all comfortable. The doctor was absent, and his choice calves were out in the cornstalks; it was so cold they would not drive, and darkness fell before the last one was safely housed and had its bucket of warm feed. When the uncle left he said: "You deserve a Jersey. Come up to my herd next summer and you shall have one at the cost to me in Vermont when she was a calf." But I must tell nothing except the story of one year this time. The sixty-mile trip all alone for his Jersey came just after his fourteenth birthday.

June came on apace, and when his accounts were straightened he had earned during the year a little more than one hundred dollars, and never missed a day of school. His own expenses, books, clothes and incidentals—the boys will understand what the incidentals were—amounted to fifty-one dollars, sixty two cents. The balance was in mother's hands to use on the debt. It was a busy year, yet play hours were scattered all along; swimming, fishing, hunting, skating and coasting, each found its place; hours all the more enjoyed, perhaps, because there were not too many of them. There was a proud, happy boy in the Iowa missionary home that fourteenth birthday.

Another year and more has passed since those accounts were squared, the records of which are in the little account book and mother's heart.

PEPPER-SAUCE.

After days and nights of confinement in the "sleeper" of an express train, it was indeed refreshing to sit by the fireside of "Mother Sunshine" while she prepared for me, away out here in Oregon, a delicious New England breakfast. The next luxury was a sweet, fresh, newly-painted, newly-carpeted, newly-furnished room looking out on an orchard. Mother Sunshine is a character—an Oregon pioneer woman. I beg her for frontier stories. She says: "If you are a-mind to follow me 'round the kitchen while I'm doing up my work, I'll tell you one experience that may interest you." In the intervals of washing dishes, scolding the boys at work outside, attending to several visitors, feeding the hens and the pig, and preparing vegetables for dinner, I gleaned the following:

In the early days of Oregon Mother Sunshine and her husband "took up" a piece of land greatly coveted by the Indians. In fact, they considered it their property. After building a little cabin and settling his wife and two boys on this spot, the father took the older boy and returned to their former home to get some sheep and cattle belonging to him. Mother Sunshine was left alone with the younger boy.

Day after day the Indians came about the house. Some of them came in. They did not look pleasant, and she felt constantly that her life was in danger, but dared not show her fear by the slightest sign.

One of these Indians was very curious about a bottle of pepper-sauce which he had discovered upon a high shelf. Again and again he came to the cabin and begged Mother S. to give him to drink from that bottle. In vain she made known to him by signs that it was not good; it would kill him. Day after day this

Indian presented himself at the cabin with the same request, until Mother S., overcome by his persistency, took down the bottle, poured the contents into a cup, and handed it to him. He was greatly delighted, seized the cup greedily, and poured the fiery liquid down his throat.

Then began a series of gymnastic performances which that woman will never forget. The Indian leaped into the air, ran out, rushed in, rolled upon the floor, his eyes starting from his head, his tongue out full length, at the same time thrashing his arms and feet wildly about, choking, gurgling, strangling, spitting, and at intervals looking with pathetic entreaty at the woman who had brought this evil hour upon him. She told him by every sign in the language that she could not help him. With one wild leap he left the cabin, and darted into the woods.

For several days Mother Sunshine was not easy in her mind. She was absolutely sure that the angry Indian would bring his people there and take revenge; so she was constantly on the watch.

One day she saw a party of Indians in the distance coming toward her cabin. Then she knew her hour had come, and that some means must be devised by which she might save her own life and that of her boy. The quick-witted woman hastily wrapped the child in a blanket, and laid him before the open fire.

"Now," she said to him, "remember you are very sick. When I touch you with my foot, you must groan and howl and cry!"

The party came on, led by the man of the pepper-sauce, and surrounded the house. The leaders came in, casting ugly glances at her as they sat down near the fire. She appeared perfectly calm, and after a few words with them, her foot, unobserved by the Indians, gently touched the bundle lying before the fire. The

boy groaned, and soon began to cry, his cries developing into howls of distress.

"What is the matter?" asked one of the Indians. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" cried the mother, rocking back and forth; "he is sick! he is sick!" She touched him again. He howled the louder. Then the Indians wanted to see him, and she began to unroll the blanket, wailing and crying over him. Suddenly she let slip the word "smallpox!"

Now, this disease had made fearful havoc among the Indians the year before! they knew that word only too well. In an instant the cabin was deserted, and she looked from the little window to see the leader taking to his heels for the mountains, followed by every one of his band. Mother Sunshine was not molested again during her husband's absence, but occasionally caught sight of the face of an Indian peering over the high bluff above them, and suddenly disappearing.

In after years the Gospel came to this region, and this frontier woman and her family found themselves surrounded by Christian influences; and now, here we were, from Boston, from New York, from Chicago, from many sections of the great State of Oregon, for a grand missionary rally. One Oregon lady came 450 miles, as a delegate to this meeting. It was interesting to hear the addresses from these frontier Home Missionaries, but the most pathetic part of the meeting to me was the reports from the struggling home missionary churches.

A sweet-faced lady arose and said: "Our church has been in terrible need. It was thought best to give it up, but some of the Oregon ladies told us to keep up good courage, and they would try and save that church. These ladies are all members of home missionary churches, and yet they raised $400 extra to save our church. At last we have found a man who is willing,

for that sum, to come and be our preacher, and our hearts are very grateful to-day that this candle of the Lord has not been put out."

One of these Oregon mothers was offered a life-membership of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Like many another mother at that meeting, she had her baby in her arms. Pressing the child to her bosom, she exclaimed: "Make my daughter a life member, and she will be a member of the Missionary Society all her life."

An Oregon layman made the remark that he wished to pay ten dollars into the treasury of the Woman's Union. "I do this," he said, "because my pastor never holds a missionary meeting, or asks any collections for this cause, and I do want to do something for missions." This thought flitted through my mind while he was speaking: "Would that all laymen East and West, North and South, who are so unfortunate as to have a Christless pastor—for how can he know Christ and have no desire to advance the interests of his kingdom?—might follow the example of this earnest Oregonian."

The activity of one small auxiliary connected with a struggling home missionary church ought to put some of us to shame. The members hold a meeting every week, and two public meetings a year, taking a collection at each, and contribute to every one of the national societies. At a late meeting one man said, as he dropped a dollar into the contribution box: "This meeting has been worth a dollar to me." It is needless to add that the pastor of this little church gives his hearty support to the woman's work. Knowing that a lady was to speak to them on the subject of missions, the little company did their best to bring in the uninterested. One of these, as she handed her contribution to the treasurer, remarked: "That woman

made me think about missions." Another, having no money, but wishing to do something substantial, visited a number of uninterested women, repeating all that she had heard at the meeting, and collected from them sixty dollars.

One auxiliary was reported as being very small in numbers, but going ahead of all the others in giving. This Oregon auxiliary never takes a vacation, but holds twelve meetings a year. They glean every cent possible for the good work. "We get much help," said the leader, "from the gentlemen by following out the theory that a man's pocketbook lies very near his stomach, and we reach his purse through his stomach!" (Oh, the pity of it!) This auxiliary was formed when there was no church in the place, nor indeed within miles of it.

One lady exclaimed that she was a crank on missionary literature, and made it her business to ask every family to take the missionary magazines. One man, in response to her appeal, replied: "I do take the missionary magazines." "Which do you take?" she asked: "The *Advance,* and the *Sunday School Times"!* One good, honest brother, unwearied in his efforts for souls, said: "I tell you, brothers and sisters, saving the heathen is dirty work; and if you want to save them you've just got to get right down into the dirt with them."

A Home Missionary was asked to talk about the "Church of the Times—What Should It Be?" Let me give you a few of his points:

1. It should be a church of the Holy Spirit. 2. It should be a church of less emotion, and more intelligence. 3. It should be a church of greater activity. No church-member has any business to have an easy time in this world. 4. It should be a church of the Son of Man. We must exalt the human side of our

Lord's mission more than we do. 5. It should be a missionary church in the largest, broadest, most intense meaning of the word. The missionary spirit is not a *phase* of Christianity—it *is* Christianity.

The superintendent told the pathetic story of a godless town, ten years old, which had at last been reached by the Gospel, and a little church started. Within a few days he had taken to it a beautiful communion service, a gift from a Boston society to the little church. Grown people and children opened their eyes in amazement, and asked with bated breath, "What is that? What is it for?" Then, for the first time in their lives, those people heard the story of the Sacrament.

ON THE FRONTIER.

We are not very young people, but this is our first pastorate, because my husband has been engaged in evangelistic work for nine years. He preached the home missionary sermon on the appointed day, and took up the annual collection for the Congregational Home Missionary Society. We had neglected to talk over the matter at home, and decide what we could give; and as the Preacher came and slid our little purse—we have but one—into my lap, I was at a loss what to do; for I peeped in and found only dimes and nickels, amounting to about one dollar. We sang a hymn containing the line, "My all to Christ I give," and the thought came to me, *"Put in the purse."* Just then the good deacon reached from behind and presented the hat before me so unexpectedly that without time to consider the consequences, I just dropped the little purse in and wondered what the Preacher would say.

We sang the doxology and were dismissed. I then

whispered in his ear what I had done. He laughed and said, "Praise the Lord!" But when, on the way home, I asked, "Who is the treasurer?" the good deacon—under whose roof we have our temporary home—said, "Are you afraid you won't get your purse back?" Later, as we all counted the contribution, we were disappointed to find our little purse had furnished about one-fourth the whole amount, and scarcely one-half of our apportionment had been secured.

The next Saturday morning, when the Preacher started on his twenty-five mile horseback ride to his other appointments without a cent, I was tempted to think I had been too impulsive. At the first place he always had to pay his own expenses, as the only member was an invalid. So I was in prayer much of the day that entertainment for him and the borrowed farm-horse might be given as a token of divine approval. Our Father heard us, as he always hears the cry of his children; and we knew by many past experiences that, although in this new field the trials of our faith seemed to be multiplying, yet his will would be made clear to us if we only "waited patiently on him." The time of our trial call was growing shorter, and every week the means by which the Preacher should travel his circuit was talked over and laid before the Lord in prayer. We both felt that, unless a horse and conveyance became positive possessions, we could not stay another year. The days went by and no mail came from any source, and all inquiries about a horse and cart among our people or their friends failed to bring any light.

When the Preacher returned this week, he said he lost his way, and stopping at the nearest house, found a brother pastor, who put him on the right road, with no thought of other needs at noontime; but before he had passed beyond hearing he was called back to stop

for dinner and feed for his horse. At the preaching place friends were made, who said, "Our house is your home whenever you come here." The formal call to the other church was handed him by the good deacon in this northern town, where a small parsonage and a cordial welcome from the people awaited us. Four dollars was also handed him, and thus our prayers were answered even as our faith had claimed.

There seemed to be many ways by which we might be supplied with a horse and cart for this work, but, as we have often proved, "the Lord's ways are not our ways." Last Friday we received a letter from a brother pastor, who is laid aside by failing health, and who writes:

"If you conclude to spend another year in this work, I can let you have my horse, buggy and harness, if you will send or come for the team yourself and drive it over. I have had new wheels put on the buggy and had it painted and fixed up generally. The outfit is yours while in the home missionary work."

We looked at each other without speaking for a moment, and then both praised God for answered prayer. As we talked over the severe trials from which we were about to be delivered, we were more than encouraged at the unmistakable tokens of our Father's approval of our work and His will concerning our stay in this field.

In these days, when so many seem to limit the channels by which our Father supplies the necessities of those whose faith takes his word literally in their everyday walk, we gladly give our testimony that his word is sure: "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

"THE MUCH-KNOW-ABOUT-BOOKS WOMAN."

We have now secured a log house forty feet by twenty, and Auntie G., the "Much-Know-About-Books Woman," has charge of the place. The front half does nicely for a reading-room, and the back makes a bedroom and kitchen for Auntie G. The house adjoins the one we used last winter, and is it not singular that she should now have for a protection on one side the very building which was so often struck by bullets when she occupied it? Our streets, however, are much quieter now that the town is incorporated and we have a resolute marshal. I hope there will never again be so many men shot here as there have been in the past. No one has ever been punished for the murders; but a young man who shot at and killed a dog was "mulcted" in seventy-five dollars' damage, which treatment so disgusted him that he pulled up his stakes and cleared out; and a cowboy last fall, who fired several shots in drunken bravado, but hit nothing in particular, was fined fifty dollars and sent to the county jail for three months.

It was while she was living in the old reading-room that Auntie G. took a little girl to church for the first time from the house we have just rented. In the evening of the same Sabbath the parents of the child came to church too, the mother not having been in a church for eighteen years. The whole family attended regularly after that, and the mother soon became a teacher in the Sunday-school; but three months ago they moved about twenty miles away to take up land on the ceded portion of the Crow Indian Reservation. This is an illustration of the constant change in this new country; people are coming and going all the time. A missionary is fortunate if he has in his church a nu-

cleus of earnest Christians who have come to stay. Yet it is a privilege to preach even to transients; they may carry good seed away to drop somewhere else.

Our "Much-Know-About-Books Woman" has been a faithful, consistent worker for Christ; many in this country will have occasion to rise up and call her blessed. One day she was teaching a class of Indian boys the twenty-third Psalm. She explained to them that Jesus is our Good Shepherd. When she got to the second verse one little fellow exclaimed, "Ugh! me no want Jesus to show me the way to Stillwater; me find it myself." He thought the Psalm referred to the Stillwater Creek with which he was familiar.

The following incident will illustrate her happy way with young people. One evening, not long after we opened the reading-room, she had occasion to go out on some errand, and asked a youth who was present to see that order was maintained, giving him her gold watch to take care of while she was gone. This lad is the son of a saloon-keeper, and has been regarded as a tough character. On her return she found that all had gone on satisfactorily. A few days after, the mother of the lad visited Auntie G. and told her that nothing had ever done her boy so much good; that he came home that night with a new sensation—that of self-respect—and exclaimed as he entered the house: "Mother, that lady trusted me with her gold watch!"

One day a lad began to smoke in the room; Auntie G. told him he must not do so. Calling his attention to the rules we have posted up, she said: "We must be law-abiding citizens." The lad obeyed orders. One evening shortly after, Auntie G. saw that her words had borne fruit in an unexpected way. She was sitting in her room, the door leading to the reading-room being open. Among the young people in the reading-room were two little boys. This was against our rule,

which excludes children under twelve, in the evening. The lad referred to went up to them and said roughly: "If you had sense enough to read the rules you would see you have no business here; the madam who runs this institution says we've got to be law-abiding citizens, so skip!" The frightened boys scampered off as fast as they could go.

One morning, when Auntie G. was getting her breakfast, a middle-aged man knocked at the door and asked if that was the reading-room. She replied that the other door was the entrance, but that it was not the hour yet for opening. The man then begged her to let him in, saying that the "hairpees" were after him. She thought he said "hairpins" at first; he meant harpies. She let him into the room, when he explained that he was with his mate who was in town on business; that he had a good bit of money about him; that if he took a glass of liquor he could not control himself; that it was known he was in town; and that if the "hairpees" got hold of him they would not let him go until they had filled him with liquor and taken all his money. Of course he found the refuge he sought. Before he left, Auntie G. had a talk with him; she told him the sweet old Gospel story. The man gave respectful attention to her words, and replied: "You are talking about something that I don't know much about."

HOW A MICHIGAN MISSIONARY WIFE LOOKS AT IT.

Home Missionaries' wives like to set a nice table before their husbands and their guests. They remember the injunction of Paul to "keep under the body," but they do not exactly see why that should apply only to

the pastor's family. They do not always think it just that the deacon's family and other members of the church should fare sumptuously every day on the choicest cuts of meat while the Home Missionary's table is graced only with a soup-bone. I know home missionary families where they hardly have an exception to that kind of meat from one year's end to the other, and where for months no butter is on the table except when they have company.

Do not let any one entertain the thought for a moment that these Home Missionaries are made of different material from others. Remember they were not born missionaries. They were reared as carefully and tenderly as you were; their taste is as sensitive and delicate. What right have we to keep enough of what the Lord has intrusted to us, to take good care of—yea, even pamper—our own bodies, while we pass on to our brave substitute in the home missionary army barely enough to keep soul and body together? Should there be one measure of consecration for them and another for ourselves?

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You find some magnificent examples of true, generous, self-denying manhood and womanhood in very remote places. In our little church of only thirty members, all poor people, were raised over $1,000 a year. How did they do it? By fifty-two weeks of self-denial in every year. One poor foreigner, working for one dollar and a half a day and walking three miles to church, gave five dollars to the annual home missionary offering.

A dear woman who gave sixty cents a week toward the pastor's salary was obliged to stay at home from church in the morning for about three months because her cloak was not fit to wear. This was not from pride because it was not in the latest style, but because it

was really so worn and faded it did not look respectable, and she did not feel able to get a new one and still give to every good cause as she wished. I never knew a more hospitable woman, but it was extended generally to the poor and friendless, or the stranger, not to those who would entertain in return. She was one of the best workers in the Sunday-school, and could move all hearts by the power of her eloquence. She had the real feminine love of pretty things, and usually contrived to dress well at a small outlay. At the time we first knew this woman, whom I esteem it an honor to call friend, her husband was not a Christian, but a good moral man in whom you could find no blemish. I wish I had time to tell you how he became a Christian; how he hesitated about uniting with the church because it would injure his business; how he decided to do what was right and trust God for the rest; how God has honored him and prospered him in his business so that he is now one of the foremost workers in the church, and it is prospering; how his face just shines with love for God and his fellowmen. Why, it is worth half one's life to know that one couple as intimately as we have done, and to have been instrumental in leading that one soul back to his Maker.

. . . . . .

The people are eager and anxious for the Gospel. In our first small field of labor we never, even on the stormiest nights, had less than thirty at our prayer-meetings. The church was never opened without being comfortably filled with quiet, attentive, eager listeners.

As we go farther north we find the people, out from the centers, more and more hungry for the Gospel. Only eight miles from the "Soo" my husband preached in a little log church filled with these eager listeners.

It was in the summer time, and the door was open. After the service had begun there was a slight commotion outside, and on the steps lay an old man who had crawled there to hear his last sermon, for in a few days he was laid away in the grave. After service every family represented there invited the minister home with them. They all lived in small houses—most of them were of logs—but oh, blessed hospitality! I doubt if you are acquainted with the real quality if you have not visited some such place. My husband went home with a Scotch family consisting of husband and wife and five children, and that one-room cottage was made to accommodate eight people that night. The next day he went on his way, calling at every house, the people following him as he went, until more than twenty persons were walking along the path through the woods, climbing over logs and fallen trees, to another house, where they held a religious meeting. That evening they met again in still another house, many of them coming several miles.

Again he went out in another direction. A meeting had been appointed at a schoolhouse, but there was no house near, and he had passed none for quite a distance. He wondered where his congregation was coming from, but at the appointed hour that schoolhouse was filled. The room was lighted with lanterns, and the faces gleamed out white and ghastly from the dim surroundings, but every eye was fixed on him as he unfolded and preached the Word of God. At the close of the service an old lady brought her nine-year-old granddaughter to shake hands with and look into the face of the minister, as the child had never seen one before.

Only a few years ago, near the close of an evangelistic service our State Sunday-school Superintendent visited a region only forty miles from Sault

Ste. Marie, where there were a number of young people, eighteen and twenty years of age, who had never seen a Christian minister. He organized a Sunday-school there, and I am told their average per cent. of attendance for the first year was the largest in the State.

What we need in the home missionary field is more men and better equipped, better taken care of, and then we shall the sooner be able to take Michigan for Christ, that we may win the world for him.

"MISSIONARY JOE."

One day a man took us four miles up the mountain to a service. He drove a good team hitched to a wagon, and we sat on chairs in the wagon. Going to the service we all backslid, but going down again to our home we gained what ground we lost in going. I walked in the wagon box, carrying my chair about half way up the mountain for the sake of (or rather, on the account of) sliding back the other half. But we enjoyed the trip, because the man was one whose home had been closed against the minister, and who, with his wife and four children, has been saved in the meeting.

We got into the home by teaching music to one of the girls. She is now our church organist.

At another time our conveyance was a "cayuse," one of those creatures that kicks up, and stands up perpendicularly, and does a great many other things that I have not words to describe. I started off suddenly and stopped as suddenly, though I did not always stop when the horse did. I soon grew tired of a horse on which I could not depend, and so I bought "Missionary Joe." I took a great deal of comfort with

Joe. He was all my own. I bought him when my husband was gone. I could depend on him every time; that is, I could depend that he would never lose an opportunity of throwing me over his head when I was not looking for it. I do not know how many times he threw me—I think a moderate estimate would be about twelve times—and I sometimes felt like the German in the stage crossing the mountains. After getting an uncommon hard jolt, he said, "Oh dear, my back is more as five inches higher up!" But Joe always waited so patiently for me while I dusted and rearranged myself that I soon forgave him.

Once, on coming home warm and dusty, I asked if I could have a bath. The lady got a basin of water, a cake of savon soap, and a crash towel, and, putting them on the porch on a splint-bottom chair, said: "There you are!"

Our work was not only that of preaching, but there was a large congregation of young people to inspire to something better intellectually. This we tried to do by giving public reading circles, at which we would read a chapter or two from some interesting book, and then tell them we would be glad to lend the book to any one who would like to read the rest of it. The books we read were quite juvenile at first, but they soon got to enjoying such works as Drummond's "Addresses," "Ben Hur," and others. The work begun must be carried on, and in the district school were none of the advantages which they needed; so we took eight of the young men and women in a wagon and trundled up hill and down dell thirty miles and put them in school. Not all of them could go through school, but some of them are still working away. One young lady is preparing for the ministry, and another for missionary work.

THE MISSIONARY HOTEL.

Out here in the Northwest keeping a hotel, mostly free of charge, is no small part of a missionary's, or rather his wife's, business. Our house invariably seemed to be full, but the saying "always room for one more" applied to it, and its doors were continually opening to receive new guests. The village "hotel" was run for the amazement of the town and traveling public. Infested with gamblers, the important part of it a saloon, with no parlor, women and children having to sit in the dirty smoking office to keep warm, it was no wonder that conductors of the incoming trains warned passengers away from it. But here many must stop to change cars, and where else could the tired travelers go?

It was an evening in late October. The Busybody flock was seated about the family board; the door bell rang, and a call was made for the minister's wife. On going to the parlor Mrs. Busybody found a pretty, genteel lady who explained her errand as follows: "Can you let me stay here all night? I've been to the hotel, but they had no room. I've been to every other place I could find in town, but cannot get in anywhere." What could Mrs. Busybody say? There seemed to be no other possible chance for the stranger; she was bidden to take off her wraps and take supper. Soon after tea a neighbor sent in, asking, "Could you spare one of your girls to stay with me to-night?" That left a vacant place and the stranger was told to rest easy, for now she could stay. It was prayer-meeting night, and Guest Number One, as we will call her, was invited to attend. At first she said "No," then "Yes." After her return she said, "I am hard-hearted, but I believe if I could be under Pastor Busybody's influence I should grow tender-hearted once more." The next

day Mrs. B. found opportunity to talk with her guest, and both shed tears. Christ was pressed upon her as a helper in exchange for her belief in "stars" and the firm conviction that she was born for a certain destiny, and there was no help for her. Some good, it is hoped, must have come from the conversation and from the letter which Mrs. B. afterward wrote her at her distant home. "My Word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please."

Later Mrs. B. learned that "she was a sinner." As the happy wife of a good church-going young man her life looked full of sunshine. But sorrow came to her heart one day when her strong husband was laid away in his final sleep. No one can tell her agony as she prayed to be laid beside him. But her life was spared, that of her fatherless babe also. Now came her struggle with life and the world. Having some property she kept boarders, and finally a house for "roomers." The serpent in the guise of a gambler crept in, and gaining her confidence got control of her money. That gone, she fell under his baneful influence and became his companion in sin. Discarded by him at last, money, character, and reputation all gone, she had taken up such work as she could get, only to meet everywhere a sneer and reproach for her past life. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." The Busybodies' home life and food seemed to touch a chord long dormant, and when she left it was with many tears.

Guest Number Two came the night before Thanksgiving, just as Mrs. B. had said to the eldest son, that day returned from teaching, "We are all alone, for a wonder." "Mother, you are wanted," was the message brought to the kitchen. Hastening to the parlor, she found a little woman with a most doleful expression. "I've been all over this town and can't get a

place to stay. Won't you please let me stay? I'd go out of town if I could, but there is no way to get out." Of course, there was nothing else to say but "Yes." The guest was an "agent" away from home and its surroundings continually. A "home" seemed so good to her, and the home cooking received its share of praise. She seemed especially grateful to be permitted to help prepare the Thanksgiving dinner. She was a Christian woman, and the Busybodies felt that they were giving "a cup of cold water" to one of His. She stayed four days, and the money she willingly paid proved a help in bridging over a gap in the parsonage finances. The Busybodies' hearts have been warmed many times by the kind, appreciative letters Number Two frequently sends.

Guest Number Three Mrs. B. found on her front steps just as she opened the door to go to town. "Can you let me stay? The conductor told me not to go to the hotel!" She looked like some one's pet canary just escaped. To be sure, Guest Number Two was still in the home, but readily gave her consent to allow Number Three to room with her till she could change roads, her train going only alternate days. The Sabbath was spent with us, and in the meantime she found it in her heart to tell Mrs. B. some of her perplexing cares. Her trials had not been without their refining influence, for a sweeter, prettier, more lovable young woman is rarely found. When she left, after four days of waiting, it was with a comforted heart, judging by letters sent back to us. Two guests at once should be enough, but on Saturday night the bell announced another caller. This was a "Salvation Army" laddie. As usual, there was no room at the inn. Why should there be room where sin so much abounds? "I can't get a place to stay. I can't get out of town." Pastor Busybody was away,

and his "assistant" was to take charge of the services on the morrow, so the coming of Guest Number Four was providential. He gave good testimony.

Guest Number Five was a poor mother who had only her ticket, fifty cents in money, and her baby. The train ran on alternate days, so she must wait with her baby for twenty-four hours. The hotel did "only a cash business." So after hearing her story they turned her over to the minister's family. Her story was sad. Married and living in comfortable circumstances, her dreams were cut short by the sudden death of her husband in the woods of Michigan, leaving her almost penniless, with the burden of motherhood upon her. Her own home was small and her people unable to care for her. She stayed, however, till the advent of the little one, and then started out to earn a living by doing housework. She had been doing the work of a family of eight for one dollar a week and a home for her child and herself. Hearing of larger wages "out West," she had started with her ticket, her baby, and fifty cents. She was made welcome in the minister's home, and when she left on an evening train with her baby and her fifty cents it seemed to Mrs. B. typical of the poor woman's life. The shadows were surely gathering and night was near at hand, because of ailments which most workers would regard as wholly incapacitating them for any manual labor.

Guest Number Six came when Mrs. B. was laid aside to nurse a sick headache. She came with the station agent, who asked as a personal favor that she might be cared for in the parsonage. The train "on the branch" was blockaded, would probably go out next day, etc. So she made herself comfortable, except when she was uncomfortable, and that was fully twenty-four hours of the day. "My husband would never hear to my staying in a hotel alone. I shall be

glad to pay you for your trouble." She stayed three days, and years have since flown, leaving the Busybodies still waiting for their guest to pay the cash she promised so faithfully to remit. "I don't like to start out without some money, and I'll send it right back to you," were her parting words.

Guest Number Seven came one stormy night. "I have only a dollar left. I offered it to the hotel-keeper, but he sent me here, as his charges are two dollars a day." So room was made for the dear Grandma and her orphan grandchild. When Mrs. Busybody went to call her the next morning she was greeted with: "I'm sure the dear Lord sent me here. I've been sick all night. Whatever should I have done in that cold hotel?" So Mrs. B. turned nurse. Remedies were given, faces were washed, hair combed, hot-water bottle and hot griddles came upstairs, a tempting breakfast was soon spread, and by noon the patient was able to come to the parlor and rest on the couch. When she went on her way she was told she was more than welcome to her care and keeping, but after she left, a dollar was found under her plate. Her story was too long to tell. Throughout it was full of care, privations and suffering. But she went on her way comforted.

"It seems good to be alone once more," we said one evening in the parsonage. But about ten o'clock the same evening the faithful bell rang again and a young girl stepped in, saying: "We have been to the lake to skate, and while there Mr. B. fell and put his arm out of joint. His room is so cold he does not dare to stay in it to-night. Can you keep him? He is at the doctor's office, and will be here as soon as he is able to come." Get thy spindle and distaff ready and God will send thee flax." It was past midnight before the Busybodies retired. But the young man who would otherwise have been miserable was made comfortable

and had experience of the practical side of Christianity. "Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by."

But it costs no little work, fatigue, and self-denial to put off so often and so far other things that we want to do and that so need to be done.